

MICHAEL BENT ON ECLIPSING TOD SLOANE IN LONDON.

The Midget Wheelman Intends to Surpass the Jockey's Wardrobe.

LOADS OF NEW CLOTHES.

Manager Shafer Says People Won't Dream How Handsome Michael Is in a Tail Coat.

SLOANE GETTING TOO "CHESTY."

That's What the Crack Bicyclist Thinks, and He Intends to Show Londoners That the Wheel Is King.

When the bicycle starts out after the horse the days of that equine are done. When the sorcerer pursues the jockey the odds are with the man on the wheel, but when Jimmy Michael gets after Tod Sloane it is an even match and a hot fight.

For many months Tod Sloane, midget of jockeys, has been astonishing the turfmen of England as they have never been astonished before. He has occupied the embassy suite of rooms at the Hotel Cecil; he has equipped himself with a private secretary and other trimmings, and his clothes and his diamonds have willed the hardened benth of Newmarket. He has chatted with princes and given his expert judgment on the horses of the Queen's household. Also, and incidentally, he has been making a little over \$100,000 a year.

These things have reached the eye and ear of Jimmy Michael, midget of bicyclists, and they have made him restless. Jimmy is the pet of the bicycle fraternity, and although that fraternity doesn't make so very much noise, it is getting to be richer and more powerful than the race track outfit. Michael has ridden for some little time, and although he has not made \$100,000 a year from his speed, he has saved every cent he has made, and the aggregate is calculated to give a jockey heart disease. Jimmy hasn't any gorgeous clothes; his diamonds are not voluminous, and he has, hitherto, managed to get along without a private secretary. As a matter of fact, the general public has seldom seen Jimmy Michael in any other costume than a sweater, a cap and knee breeches, and Jimmy thinks it is time to awaken the public—the English public for preference—to the fact that although Tod Sloane and a horse may be a shining and inspiring sight, Jimmy Michael in his new clothes can beat the combination to a standstill if he wants to.

The Sweater Believed. And Jimmy wants to—or, rather, his manager, Dave Shafer, wants to, and it comes to the same thing. Wherefore they are now being constructed for Mr. James Michael clothes of variety and state wherewith he will dazzle the eyes of the bicycle folk and such others as come within range. There are dress suits, and tweeds, and pink pajamas; shirts to affront the African parrot and shoes to increase the income of bootblacks and chimney-sweepers. The days of the comfortable old sweater and the abbreviated trousers, that were fashionable because they did not show at the knees, are done, and now the only James Michael will be entirely at ease when he dons his clothing. It is a painful fact that Jimmy wouldn't know a golf club from a sacred Ithaca if he met it on the street, and that he is not in the least ambitious to learn. But Manager Shafer decried the golf suit and, in the language which is true, the golf suit.

The means to the end of the ambition of Michael and his manager graft themselves upon the fact that the midget bicyclist is badly in need of a rest. The little man has been riding hard since 1890, and the last twelve months has been a year of Michael and work. Both have told upon Jimmy, and the things that happened to him at Madison Square Garden the other night have helped. The upshot of it all is that Shafer and Jimmy have decided that succor from the giddy whirl of wheels and work is badly needed, and the fact has gone forth that the vacation is to be taken.

It was at this stage of the preliminaries that Manager Shafer, attentively reading the paper, was resolutely by the picture of Mr. Tod Sloane, jockey, attired in robes of state and disporting himself in his private billiard room before his private secretary and his private valet.

Sloane Too "Chesty." What Mr. Shafer said is not germane to this story, but the gist of it was that the jockey from Kokomo, Ind., was getting somewhat "chesty," and needed to be shown that bicycles were the equals of horses. Jimmy Michael, as a Melman, was anxious to revisit the land where even sweaters are elegant and a splutter is conveyance, and from Trepanisferry the birthplace of Mr. Michael, he went to where Mr. Tod Sloane is disporting himself. There is not, Mr. Shafer argued, very far. Therefore it would be possible for the speedy bicyclist not only to visit his boyhood's happy home, but also to descend upon London and paralyze Tod Sloane.

Yes," said Mr. Shafer yesterday. "Jimmy is going to take a rest. He needs it badly. Immediately after his race with Taylor, the French rider, he will go abroad. In all probability he will go to England by way of Wales. This man Tod Sloane is putting on a whole lot of stria over there in London, and would just like to show those people that the bicycle can beat the horse when it comes to a matter of display. My ambition is to let people see Jimmy dressed as he ought to be. That's a mighty good looking boy, do you know it? Why, I tell you people will be astonished when they see him in fine feathers. I want to see him the Tod Sloane of the bicycle world—I want him to be to the wheel what Sloane is to the horse. Just you wait until I get him in a high hat and a Prince Albert. I tell you it will surprise people who have never seen him out of a sweater and a bicycle cap.

Right now Jimmy weighs less than a hundred pounds, and that is less than he ought to weigh. He is out of condition, and I want to get him back in it. I'm immediately after this race with the Frenchman, and in January, anyhow—we will go abroad. Jimmy has had a lot of clothes and things made. There's a golf suit and all that sort of thing, and I tell you he'll look a winner. When he gets those clothes on I just have to stand around and admire him. I can't help it."

FACED BY ANGRY ITALIANS.

Williams, the Alleged Swindling Contractor, Asks to Be Kept in Custody.

When William Williams, or Jackson, of No. 349 Degraw street, Brooklyn, who was arrested Friday on a charge of having swindled 1,100 Italians out of \$5 each, was arraigned in the Yorkville Court yesterday a horde of angry Italians were waiting for him. They were eager to have him released temporarily so that they might meet him in the street. Williams heard their ugly threats and said that he would prefer to have the examination postponed for another day and be remanded.

Williams was arrested on the complaint of Dr. I. Colletti Reina, of No. 410 East Thirtieth street. Dr. Reina and his cousin, Stephen Colletti, a contractor, were in court yesterday. Dr. Reina said that Williams was known to him as Jackson. He said that last summer Williams got the Italians to go to a place in New Jersey, near Asbury Park, and dig roads, and exacted \$5 each for getting the places. They were to get from \$1.50 to \$2.50 a day. The men, according to Dr. Reina, who was acting as physician at \$1 a time to care for them, received no pay for working two months. Williams was held for examination today. He says it is a case of mistaken identity.



"Jimmy" Michaels in His Stunning Clothes, Admired by Manager Shafer.

Tod Sloane, the American jockey, having caused the Londoners to set up by means of his splendid clothes and lavish living, Michaels, the midget bicyclist, intends to do something in the same line. His manager is at the back of the project. Michaels, with an elaborate outfit of all kinds of clothes, is soon to start for London.

KISSED IN THE HEARING OF TWO SPINSTERS, AN ENGLEWOOD GIRL IS FINED TEN DOLLARS.



TO be kissed, is to be guilty of disorderly conduct in Englewood, N. J., if one be a girl and kissed by a young man at the door of one's apartment under an apartment where two spinsters, not so young, live alone.

Miss Emma Marshall, being a newcomer in Englewood, did not know this; John Markham, who kissed her, a native of Englewood, did not know this; the sedate, married people with whom Miss Marshall lives, did not know this; but the spinsters and the Chief of Police knew.

Miss Marshall was summoned to the Recorder's Court, charged with the crime in which she had been passive, and fined ten dollars. She shrugged her pretty shoulders; she said it was absurd; she said it was to appeal against the Recorder at Hackensack.

Englewood was a quiet little place two months ago. There were no disputes on Talside avenue. The young women went to dances in the Pavilion, where harmony reigned among them; John Markham kissed nobody, apparently. At least, nobody said he did.

Miss Marshall came. Her father and mother sent her from Canastota to learn stenography and typewriting in New York, but advised her to live in Englewood, where they have acquaintances, and where the cost of board is not so dear. Miss Marshall took a room in the apartment of Mr. and Mrs. William Hopper.

The girl went to a dance at the Pavilion, with her hosts, and met John Markham. His hair is black, curly and parted in the middle; his eyes are blue; he is gentle, amiable, agreeable to young girls at dances as if he were whipped cream, orange marmalade and chocolate echin.

Marshall, and he called. It was a social triumph. He called often. Miss Maria Van Wyck and Miss Carrie Van Wyck, who live in the apartment above Miss Marshall's, noticed his visits, and last Thursday heard his kisses.

At court they said nothing more than this; but John Markham, in his anxiety to defend Miss Marshall, said in court that she was persecuted because she was a virgin.

"Miss Carrie Van Wyck," he said, "asked me to take her to the dance at the Pavilion. I replied that I was tired. But I took Emma to the dance, and Carrie has been angry ever since that night."

"Angry?" exclaimed Miss Van Wyck. "You were intoxicated, and it was 10 o'clock at night when you called on that girl!"

"Ten o'clock at night!" repeated the Recorder, his black hair and whiskers rising in horror. "I had to call on a Tremont girl in the morning," explained Markham. "I did not think I could return early enough the next day to call on Miss Marshall. I was not intoxicated, not even by her beauty."

"Sit down! How dare you?" exclaimed the Recorder. John Markham sat down very slowly, murmuring, "I have kissed many girls, and not one was ever summoned to court."

Miss Maria Van Wyck raised her eyebrows. Miss Carrie Van Wyck muttered. Miss Marshall looked at the tips of her gloves. Dr. Clements, who had known her at Canastota, whispered to her. Miss Carrie Van Wyck said, as by a sudden inspiration:

"Miss Marshall has been kissed by other young men than you at the door of her apartment."

Miss Marshall's attorney, Norman L. Rowe, of Jersey City, said: "These charges are too absurd. I will not even take the trouble to make a defence."

He made no defence. The Recorder, summing up the charges, spoke of the good

will that should unite neighbors; of the mutual concessions which they should make to live in happiness, and—fined Miss Marshall.

"So, it appears that you have punished Miss Marshall," an indignant visitor said to Recorder Ernest R. Fellows, yesterday, "for no other reason than that she was kissed by a popular young man in the village."

"At 10 o'clock at night," he replied, "to the intense annoyance of other tenants in the apartment house."

"What did it consist of?"

"She was kissed in the hallway of the house where she lives. Yes, that is all. No, there were some remarks."

"What were they?"

"John Markham," said the chief said, blushing at the necessity of repeating such a phrase.

"What a village!" exclaimed Miss Marshall, lifting her little hand with an amazed expression in her large brown eyes. To think that you can see New York from here! At Canastota, if people were to be fined for kissing, the judges would be firing all the time."

"I do not care for Johnnie Markham," said Miss Carrie Van Wyck, "but I care about preserving respectability in a house where my sister and I have to live. It is not respectable for people, whether they be married or engaged, to kiss each other in the hall of an apartment house. We have effectually presented the recurrence of such a disgraceful scene, I hope."

The Misses Van Wyck are dressmakers. They are cousins, they say, of New York's Mayor.

Police Surgeon Gorman Will Investigate All Cases of Homicide or Suspicious Suicide.

The Police Board yesterday approved a recommendation of Commissioner Andrews that Police Surgeon Gorman be assigned to the pistol practice squad, with a view of having an expert investigation in all cases of homicide, suspicious suicides or suspicious accidents by pistol shots.

The recommendation also provides for the organization of a permanent shooting squad, to consist of one surgeon, one acting sergeant, two roundsmen and as many men as the exigencies demand. The idea is to have a force of experts who can be called upon to make proper police investigation of pistol shooting cases. The matter was referred to the Chief for action.

Patrolman Thaddeus J. Murphy, of the Oak street station, who was suspended on a charge of alleged assault on Thomas McCarthy, has been restored to duty.

Commissioner Andrews, the treasurer of the Board, has made a special arrangement with the Comptroller whereby the members of the force are to be paid on December 31. It is customary to pay on the second day of the month, but the Board wished to have the new Commissioners start anew.

Denver Man in McCluskey's Grip. A dispatch received at Headquarters from Denver, yesterday, states that William H. Griffiths has been arrested on an indictment by a detective sergeant of this city. Griffiths is charged with having net Richard J. Bowles, president of the Denver Mining Company, in this city, and with involving him into paying the \$14,016 on a note which Griffiths had, indorsed by L. B. Cox.

MINISTER LOOMIS HASTILY CALLED.

The State Department Summons Him from His Post at Venezuela.

CONSULTATION TO BE HELD

He Says Americans Are in High Favor in the South American Republic.

Francis B. Loomis, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Venezuela, arrived here yesterday from his post on the steamship Caracas. He came in response to an urgent cablegram from the State Department, and to-day he will leave for Washington, where he will have a consultation with Secretary Sherman.

The topics about which he will be called to enlighten the State Department are the progress of Venezuela's case in the matter of the disputed territory in the Province of Yuruari, which will be placed before an arbitration tribunal in Paris next Fall, and the necessity of negotiating a parcel post treaty with Venezuela.

Mr. Loomis expects to finish his business with the department in a few days, and will return to Venezuela on the steamer that sails on January 12.

"The people of Venezuela," he said, in the Grand Hotel last night, "are satisfied that the United States is their friend, and as a consequence a native of this country to-day have anything they possess. They have implicit faith in the final finding of the Arbitration Tribunal. This tribunal consists of two Englishmen, whose names I do not know, Chief Justice and Justice Brewer, with a Russian named Martens for umpire."

Venezuela's whole case has been worked up by W. L. Scruggs, who was Minister to that country under President Harrison, and from what I know of it it is a strong one. The Paris end of it is being looked after by the Marquis de Rolas, who was formerly Venezuela's Minister to France."

"Just who will present the case to the tribunal has not been decided, but the names of ex-President Harrison, Rufus L. Choate, ex-Senator Edmunds, Judge Day and Senator Foraker are under consideration, and one of these gentlemen will be selected."

"What interests the citizens of this country most, however, is the negotiating of a parcel post treaty whereby merchants will be enabled to send samples weighing from two to twelve pounds to Venezuela without the trouble and expense of getting out bills of lading and things of that kind. This is a privilege that European merchants have, and to compete with them ours must be put on the same footing."

"Now is the time for our merchants to secure a foothold in Venezuela. That country is emerging from a period of commercial depression, the feeling of the people is of the warmest kind for Americans and American goods, and a little judicious exertion on the part of our business houses will give to America the rich field that is now almost monopolized by French, English and Germans."

"The National Association of Manufacturers of the United States appreciates this, and in furtherance of it is going to open a permanent exhibition in Caracas next February. This exhibition will be held in a hall 100 feet long by 75 feet wide, and will show American machinery at work. Similar exhibitions will be started all over South America."

"There is also a magnificent opening in Venezuela for American contractors. When President-elect Andrade assumes the reins of office next February he will inaugurate a series of public improvements that will cost millions of dollars, and American contractors will find it an easy matter to get many of them."

Besides all the things I have mentioned there are gold mines, exceeding richness, and asphalt, coal and oil in great abundance. I heard just before leaving that Governor Piarres will be successful in getting control of some of the most valuable asphalt concessions in the world. They will cost him, however, \$120,000 instead of the \$80,000 that was first asked for this he has himself to blame. He thought he had the concessions and talked. This talk made the owners realize the value of what they were disposing of, and they promptly raised the price."

Army Rations for Klondike Miners. Washington, Dec. 27.—The United States Army is making arrangements to advertise for bids for Klondike supplies, has been ordered to advertise for a prepared list of rations, consisting essentially of the army ration, for 100 days, a weight approximating 200,000 pounds. These supplies are to be delivered at Dyea by February 1.

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LONG LEGAL FIGHT ENDED.

O'Brien & Clark and Brown, Howard & Co., Carried Their Heavy Claim Through All Courts.

The old O'Brien-Clark-Brown-Howard aqueduct contract claims, amounting to \$10,000,000, have been settled for \$700,000. The settlement was made by Corporation Counsel Scott, acting under the advice of the Aqueduct Commission, and Messrs. Carter, Root & Fox, special counsel in the matter. The claims arose out of the contracts for the construction of the eight sections of the aqueduct, comprising the line between the gatehouse at Croton Lake and the Jerome Park Reservoir. These contracts were let in 1884. The contractors claimed they were not paid sufficiently for the excavations called for, and the Aqueduct Board, which was in existence in 1887, agreed, after a long controversy, to make certain extra allowances. A new Commission, which was appointed in 1888, rescinded the resolution of their predecessors and refused any further extra money.

About 1890 the contractors sued the city for large sums. The first case tried in the Supreme Court, before Judge Ingraham, in 1891, resulted in the city's favor. The decision was affirmed at the General Term and confirmed by the Court of Appeals.

Two efforts were afterward made by the contractors to obtain legislation at Albany that would enable them to recover not only the amounts deducted from their estimates, but other claims included. On the second occasion when such application was made letters were produced, written by several of the judges who had decided against them, in which the judges said that while technically under the stringent provisions of the contract act they had been compelled to decide for the city there were strong equities in favor of the contractors.

Early last Fall L. L. Kellogg, representing the contractors, suggested to the Corporation Counsel the propriety of attempting a settlement.

Mr. Scott thought that with the favorable opinions the judges had expressed for the contractors, it would only be a question of time before some Legislature would pass legislation giving the contractors their claims, and if such a thing should happen the amounts would be very large. In November, 1896, Mr. Scott wrote to Messrs. Carter, Root and Fox, asking their advice, and got an answer advising him to come to a settlement if he could do so at a reasonable figure.

The Aqueduct Commissioners had the matter referred to them last February, and agreed to it. It would be advantageous to the city if the claims could be settled for \$700,000.

The proposition was laid before the Aqueduct Commissioners on November 30, and accepted. The Comptroller was not present, but later said he was satisfied with the agreement. The settlement, however, also occurred, and yesterday Corporation Counsel Scott made the offer of a judgment to the amount of \$700,000 to the contractors, getting in return an absolute release of all claims on the sections named.

One of the principal considerations which induced the city authorities to settle was that many of the witnesses they had used in the court proceedings ten years ago are now dead. Good friends of the Aqueduct Commission, who recently died, being considered one of the most important.

ALIMONY DODGER CAUGHT

George Proctor Knott Came to Town for the Holidays and Was Arrested for Contempt of Court.

George W. Proctor Knott, who was wanted in this city for contempt of court, came back from Holyoke, Mass., for the holidays, and was arrested Christmas eve. In June, 1895, Mrs. Knott sued for divorce, and pending the trial Justice Beckman ordered the husband to pay his wife \$500 counsel fees and \$25 a week alimony. Knott transferred his stock in the Philip Hake Manufacturing Company to his father, and left the State. Before his departure he had the alimony reduced to \$15 a week and the counsel fees to \$200. But his wife says he never paid a cent.

Shortly after the order Justice Beckman issued a warrant for contempt, but Knott kept out of the way until the holidays drew him back. He had shaved off his flowing whiskers, but a deputy sheriff recognized him. Justice Beckman yesterday admitted Knott to bail for \$1,000, the amount due Mrs. Knott since the order of arrest.

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STRANGER AT THE GATE.

Missing Maggie Timmins, of West Hoboken, Is Supposed to Have Eloped with Him.

Pretty Maggie Timmins, twenty years old, disappeared from her home, in West Hoboken, Saturday night, December 18, and has not been heard from since. Her parents say they cannot account for her strange disappearance.

Maggie lived with her father, Patrick Timmins, an employee of the Erie Railroad, and her mother, at No. 416 De Mot street. For many days prior to her departure, the neighbors say, she was seen talking at the gate in front of the house to a strange man. He was well dressed, of good appearance and about thirty-five years old. Then it was seen that the gate was barred with a chain, and the rumor ran that the attentions of the stranger were not pleasing to the girl's family. The night before she left the two were seen talking earnestly and low together, walking up and down before the house.

Saturday night just a week before Christmas Maggie kissed her mother and told her that she was going for a walk and would return soon. That was the last Mrs. Timmins saw of her. A search of the girl's room revealed no note explaining the reason of her absence, but the house key Maggie generally carried had been left behind. From this the mother argues that she did not intend to return.

Mrs. Timmins says Maggie has been always good and obedient, and that she has never been fond of receiving attentions from men. The neighbors say that because Maggie was a Roman Catholic and the man a Protestant was the reason of the family's objection to the stranger.

When Maggie first disappeared there were hints of foul play, but these are credited neither by the family nor the neighbors. The West Hoboken police have not been officially notified of Maggie's disappearance, although Mr. Timmins has privately requested the Jersey City police to look for his daughter.

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